

## THE REVIVAL IN WALES.

A Great Religious Awakening in Europe—An Answer to Prayer—Many Demonstrations.

A few words in regard to the remarkable revival that is prevailing in Wales will doubtless be of interest to many readers. This revival is certainly one of the most remarkable religious movements of modern times. The revival is an answer to prayer. Many Welsh Christians, in widely separated communities, without any concert of action, felt it laid upon their hearts to pray for an outpouring of God's Spirit, and it was evidently in answer to these prayers that the revival came. The first indication of the revival was seen in a village church in Cardiganshire, when a poor Welsh girl stood up and timidly said, "If no one else will, then I must say that I love the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart." This trembling utterance was like a spark of fire in a powder magazine; many rose to testify to their love for Christ. And from this Cardigan village the revival spread from church to church, from valley to valley, and from county to county, until the whole of Wales is now feeling its effects. In five weeks twenty thousand people had joined the churches, the number now having long passed the thirty-five thousand mark. Throughout the whole country, in stores, in banks, and on railroad trains men are talking of God and religion.

The leader of this revival, so far as there is a leader, is described as a beardless boy, without eloquence and with no masterful control over men. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

The meetings are characterized by orderliness. It is said that when one enters a town where a meeting is in progress he finds a strange quiet prevailing. The streets are deserted. He cannot tell in which chapel the meeting is being held by the loafers at the door. But when he enters the chapel he learns where the people are. From the floor to the ceiling he sees a mighty host, filling aisles, galleries and clinging to the pulpit steps. Usually three services are held a day, each lasting from two to four hours. The services are largely made up of thanksgiving, prayers, hymns, personal testimony, confessions, and requests for prayers. If the leader is present there will likely be a short sermon. The prayers are wonderfully fervent and pointed. The music is purely vocal. Pipe organs are untouched; there is no need of them. These instruments would only mar the music made by hundreds of voices raised in the grandest hymns of the ages, the music rolling from the floor to the gallery and from the gallery back to the floor, ascending to heaven a mighty chorus of praise. Requests for prayer are not vague. One does not say, "I have a very dear friend for whom I desire the prayers of God's people," but he says, "Pray for so and so," giving the name and address of the person to be prayed for. During the meeting one man urges the claims of the gospel upon one at his side, and immediately rises, saying that such and such a one, naming him, has decided for Christ. Immediately upon that announcement some one starts a hymn of praise. Any one can take a part in the meetings. But according to the testimony of all witnesses there is no disorder.

The revival is bearing fruit in the lives of the people. Men are paying debts, when they cannot be made to do so by law. The unclean are living chaste lives. An intelligent Welshman, living in the very midst of the revival, has this to say of the results of this movement upon the lives of the people: "Liquor drinking has been greatly reduced, and a number of taverns are closing for want of patronage. Arrests for drunkenness have been reduced fully seventy-five per cent in some towns. The theatres have been closed in the middle of the season, and many theatrical troops have abandoned the principality. Clubs and dancing halls have been deserted; quarreling and profanity in the streets no longer is heard; crimes and misdemeanors are rarer and the drivers in the pits and the carters are more humane." He goes on to say that this reformation reached the most wicked spots in Wales. A distin-

guished London editor, who made a special trip to Wales to see for himself, and who could not possibly be charged with being biased in favor of religion, makes this statement: "Employers tell me that the quality of work the miners are putting in has improved. Waste is less, men go to their daily toil with a new spirit of gladness in their labor. In the long, dim galleries of the mine where once the haulers swore at their ponies in Welshfield England terms of blasphemy, there is now but to be heard the haunting melody of revival music. . . . There is less drinking, less idleness, less gambling."

There have been recent revivals outside of Wales, notably in London, Pittsburgh and Denver. Every Christian should pray that this great awakening may continue until it has not only his own church and community, but until the whole world feels its effects. J. K. Hall.

### Stamp Creek News.

Stamp Creek, March 21.—The health of this community is good. We are having very good weather for farming and everybody is taking advantage of it.

J. L. Wood and wife, from Salem, spent Saturday and Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hunnicutt.

Rev. Seabrooks Atkinson filled his appointment here Saturday and Sunday and had a large congregation.

Mrs. Vaughan, from Catechee, is visiting her son, Harrison Vaughan. Tom Steward and Miss Virginia Oliver attended preaching here Sunday.

We have organized a Sunday school at Stamp Creek church and hope for a good attendance.

A. K. Hunnicutt and Miss Clara Vaughan attended the singing at Mr. Brown's Sunday afternoon.

Miss May Hunnicutt returned home Saturday from a two months' visit to her sisters in Gainesville, Ga. Will Moore, who has been down with grip, is up again.

Fred Chapman and family moved here last week. We are always glad to welcome good farmers.

E. A. Nimmons is very sick with grip. We hope for his early recovery.

E. A. Mulkey, of Newry, is visiting relatives and friends in this section. S. G.

Our soldiers receive \$13 a month, while the pay of the other nations is as follows: Austria-Hungary, 73 cents a month; France, \$1.74; Germany, \$2.50; Great Britain, \$7.14; Japan, 60 cents; Russia, 12 cents.

## For Thin Babies

Fat is of great account to a baby; that is why babies are fat. If your baby is scrawny, Scott's Emulsion is what he wants. The healthy baby stores as fat what it does not need immediately for bone and muscle. Fat babies are happy; they do not cry; they are rich; their fat is laid up for time of need. They are happy because they are comfortable. The fat surrounds their little nerves and cushions them. When they are scrawny those nerves are hurt at every ungentle touch. They delight in Scott's Emulsion. It is as sweet as wholesome to them.

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Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

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### Master of His Craft.

Among the immigrants awaiting examination at Ellis Island was a tall young fellow with a little black bag under his arm. He was a Pole, about twenty years old, and his admission was a pleasing and dramatic accident. The lesson it teaches is as good for native Americans as for immigrants.

When the young man's turn came to answer the inevitable question, "How much money have you?" he smiled and answered frankly, "None." "But don't you know you can't come in here if you have no money and no friend to speak for you? Where are you going?"

"To Fall River first. I have a friend there. Then I shall see the whole country. You will hear of me."

The inspector proceeded rather sharply: "How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep to-night?"

"I shall be all right," replied the young fellow, confidently. "With this," tapping the black bag, "I can go anywhere."

"What is it?"

The Pole laughed, and opening the bag, took out a cornet. It was a fine instrument, and gave evidence of loving care.

"Can you play it well?" asked the officer, more kindly.

In answer, the young Pole stepped out in an open space, and lifted the horn to his lips and began the beautiful intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." At the very first note every one in the great building stood still and listened. The long line of immigrants became motionless. The forlorn waiters in the pit looked up and their faces became tender. Even the meanest among them seemed to feel the charm of the pleading notes.

When the music ceased there was a burst of applause. Shouts of "Bravo!" "Good boy!" "Give us some more!" came from every side. The physicians who had a few moments before made their hurried and not over gentle examination joined in applause. The officer who had questioned him so sharply slapped him on the back. The commissioner himself had come up from his office at the sound of the horn, and asked for the particulars.

When he heard then he turned to the agent of the Fall River boat and said, "Give this fellow a passage, including meals, and charge it to me."

"I will charge it to myself," said the agent, and he took the young Pole by the arm and led him away.

The incident was a sermon on competence; a lesson on what it means to be a master. The trade may be music or farming or brick-laying—it does not matter. The man who has conquered it, who knows its root and branch can point to it as confidently as the young Pole pointed to his cornet and say, as he did, "With this I can go anywhere."—Scribner's Magazine.

### Not Hiring Any Generals.

Ever since the war some of the privates have told with great relish of the old farmer near Appomattox who decided to give employment, after the surrender, to any of Lee's veterans who might wish to work a few days for food and small wages. He divided the Confederate employees into squads according to the respective ranks held by them in the army. He was uneducated, but entirely loyal to the Southern cause.

A neighbor inquired of him as to the different squads. "Who are those men working there?" he asked.

"Them is privates, sir—privates of Lee's army."

"Well, how do they work?"

"Very fine, sir; first-rate workers."

"Who are those in the second group?"

"Them is lieutenants and captains, and they work fairly well, but not as good workers as the privates?"

"I see you have a third squad. Who are they?"

"Them is colonels."

"Well, what about the colonels? How do they work?"

"Now, neighbor, you'll never hear me say one word ag'in any man who fit in the Southern army; but I ain't ag-wine to hire no generals."

—Baltimore and Richmond Christian Advocate.

If the Republican party puts a tariff on coffee they will raise something of a hornet's nest. They ought to remember that old time tea party and go slow. It may be a case of the last straw.

### Pulpit Orators of Modern Times.

Dwight L. Moody was a born leader of men. That he was a shrewd judge of his fellows he showed by the unerring sagacity with which he selected his lieutenants. The attractiveness and strength of his personality must have been great or he could not have drawn to himself and secured the confidence of cultured, intellectual aristocrats such as Henry Drummond, and keen, solid business men such as John Wannamaker, of Philadelphia. His capacity as an organizer is proved by the Northfield Seminary, the Mount Hermon School for Boys, the Chicago Training School, the system of preaching and colportage in prisons, the publishing establishments in Chicago and at Northfield, Mass., the annual conferences of clergymen at Northfield, and numerous other institutions which he founded or to which he gave a strong impetus. "The Von Moltke of the religious world in the United States" was the title the Rev. F. B. Meyer gave him. "The Wellington of the evangelist army" he was called by John McNeill, the Scotch evangelist.

The main source of Mr. Moody's success as a religious leader, however, was his ability as a speaker. He was not an orator in the narrower sense of that term. His sermons were not polished, they were not always grammatical, they were unadorned by poetical quotation or historical allusion, they were not philosophical, they were not logical. But they had that which from the standpoint of the orator, compensates for these defects—they had the power to fascinate men and impel them in the direction the speaker wanted them to go. How many tens of thousands were strongly influenced in their characters and lives by Mr. Moody, it would be futile to conjecture. It is estimated, however, that he addressed, during his long career as an evangelist, more than 50,000,000 people. The voice of no other pulpit orator, except, perhaps, Whitefield, was ever heard by so many persons. Whitefield surpassed Moody in the power of working upon the emotions of his hearers, but the permanent results achieved by Moody greatly exceeded those secured by the earlier evangelist.

Moody was a clerk in a shoe store in Boston when he was converted and joined the Congregational church. After his removal to Chicago, in 1856, he engaged actively in Sunday school mission work, and gathered about him a Sunday-school of more than 1,000 pupils. During the civil war he was connected with the Christian commission. He later became general missionary of the Young Men's Christian Association and the real leader of that organization in the United States. The church he built for his Sunday school and for the converts he had made being destroyed by the great fire in 1871, he erected the Chicago tabernacle.

He had been engaged for some time in evangelistic work. In 1873 he and his singing collaborer, Ira D.

## Your Heart.

When Your Heart Fails to Pump Your Blood, Trouble Results.

Have you heart trouble? You have, if you find it hard to breathe after walking up stairs, exercising, etc. If you have pain in your left side, in chest, back of shoulder. If you suffer from cold extremities, pale face, blue lips, dry cough, swollen ankles. If you have fainting spells, breast pang, palpitation, redness of the face, discomfort in sleeping on one side. The only scientific treatment for this whole train of troubles is Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is the prescription of a famous specialist, whose great success in treating obstinate nervous heart disease has made his name pre-eminent in the medical and scientific world.

The medicine will cure you. We know it. We want you to prove it. If first bottle does not benefit, your druggist will give you back your money.

"I have for several years suffered at times with heart trouble. I got so bad I could not sleep half the night, and had to sit up on the side of the bed lots of times to get breath. Three of my brothers have died of heart trouble, and I thought it was going the same way, but about two and a half years ago I got a pamphlet about Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and thought I would try a few bottles. After using them I recovered, and have had better health since then than before for several years. I can heartily recommend them for heart trouble."—REV. JERRY HURT, Pastor Baptist Church, Hurt, Kans.

FREE Write to us for Free Trial Package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, the New Scientific Remedy for Pain. Also Symptom Blank. Our Specialist will diagnose your case, tell you what is wrong, and how to right it. Free. DR. MILES' MEDICAL CO., LABORATORIES, ELKHART, IND.

Sankey, began a meeting at York, England. They met with such remarkable success here that they were invited to Sunderland, Newcastle, and several other places in England. In all parts of Scotland they sang and preached to immense crowds. They converted so many Roman Catholics in Ireland as to call forth an interdict from Cardinal Cullen. Returning to England, they held enormous meetings at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and London. In London Mr. Moody spoke daily in Agricultural Hall to audiences of from 10,000 to 20,000 people. On one occasion he had an audience of 17,000 men.

Mr. Moody's physique was robust. "I wish I had your body," said Gladstone, the first time they met. "I wish I had your head," Moody retorted. His voice was not musical, like Whitefield's or Spurgeon's, but it was penetrating and powerful. He had a great personal magnetism. His sermons, while mediocre from a literary point of view, were usually couched in simple, direct English. He was constantly on the lookout, whether reading, conversing or traveling, for telling illustrations and anecdotes, and accumulated such an abundant store that he could draw on it night after night for weeks at a stretch and never repeat himself.

"I never studied theology," he said on one occasion, "and I'm precious glad I didn't. The single verse, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' contains all the religion I need, or any other man or woman." His message usually was as simple and as far removed from scholastic disputation as this remark would indicate, and in the simplicity and intense earnestness with which it was delivered, largely consisted his power as a preacher.

He sometimes attempted to break through the limitations with which early lack of education and lifelong want of studiousness had fenced him round, and then he criticised theologians who did not share his narrow views of the Scriptures with the asperity of ignorance.

The remarkable effects of Moody's work abroad aroused much interest in him in his own country, and the meetings he conducted in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and Boston, on his return to America were attended by large crowds, and resulted in many thousands of additions to the churches in those cities. In Boston a \$40,000 tabernacle was built for him, and he preached there three times a day for three months to crowds numbering from 5,000 to 10,000 people.

From this time until his death wherever Moody went he was sure of as large audiences as could be drawn by any living preacher. One of his most remarkable campaigns was that which he conducted in London in 1883. He secured three large movable tabernacles and spoke in each of them every day until his voice had been heard in every corner of the great city. In 1891 he went to Scotland and preached in ninety-nine of its towns and cities.

In the winter of 1899 he was preaching in Kansas City with his usual vigor and power to an audience of 15,000 people when he was stricken with heart failure. His death followed soon after his removal to Northfield, Mass., the place of his birth, of his home, and of his tomb. S. O. D.

### Hasty Preparation of the Soil.

We feel that we ought to caution the farmers against preparing their lands too hastily. The late, wet spring has put them all far behind with their work, and we fear that many will get frightened at the prospect and half prepare a lot of their land. In our judgment, it is much better to take ample time and properly prepare the land for all crops.

We would much rather see cotton and corn planted two or three weeks late on a thoroughly prepared seed bed than to see these crops put in on time in a slipshod manner.

It will be impossible to raise a good crop, no matter what the seasons, unless proper work is done in advance of planting. Many of the best farmers think more depends on the advance preparation than on the subsequent tillage.—Hartsville Messenger.

The tax returns of Pickens county will exceed those of the past year by \$750,000.

## Potash

Is necessary for cotton to produce high yields and good fibre. Write for our valuable books on fertilization: they contain information on that means dollars to the farmers. Sent free on request. Write now while you think of it to the

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Atlanta, Ga.—235 So. Broad Street.



### Ministering to a Mind Diseased.

The doctor's telephone bell rang. "Hello!" he said, applying the phone to his ear.

"Hello! Is that Dr. Kewrum?"

"Yes."

"This is Mrs. Ollerzill. O, doctor, I have such a tickling in my throat. I just can't endure it—I wish you'd come over as quick as you can and see what is the cause of it."

"The old hypochondriac!" he muttered. "There is nothing on earth the matter with her, but I suppose I'll have to go, as usual, Madam," he continued, raising his voice, "what did you have for dinner?"

"Chicken pot pie."

"All right. I'll be there in a few minutes."

When he visited his patient, a quarter of an hour later, he found her coughing and wheezing, and apparently in great pain.

"No relief yet, madam?" he asked.

"Not a (cough) bit, doctor! It's (cough) getting worse (cough) every (cough) minute!"

"Well," he said, opening his case and taking out a small stethoscope with a long handle, "we'll soon remove the cause. People are often troubled in this way after eating chicken pot pie. May I ask you to suspend your coughing for a moment and open your mouth?"

"Will it hurt, doctor?"

"Not a particle. Now close your eyes, please."

She complied, and he inserted the instrument.

"I see what it is, madam. Hold still. There—that's all."

"Is it over, doctor?"

"Yes; you may open your eyes."

"Did you find anything?"

"I should say I did. Do you see this?"

Hereupon he showed her a chicken feather, which appeared to be in a remarkable state of preservation, everything considered.

"Is the tickling all gone, madam?"

"Yes, it's all gone, doctor. I don't feel it a bit now. I just happened to think, though, that I've made a mistake. It wasn't chicken I had for dinner, doctor. It was roast pork. O, dear! I can feel it coming on (cough, cough) again!"

Then the doctor's patience gave way.

"Confound it, madam!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you say so earlier? If you'd told me that at first I would have extracted a bristle."—Chicago Tribune.

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